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WHAT THE AEOLIAN HARP SANG TO THE WIND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Wave over me, thou Wind!
Wave over me thy swiftly glancing wings!
Thou wak'st the harmony of willing strings,
And a deep, quiet heart within me sings,
Rejoicingly, thou Wind!

Within the room apart,
My lady sits, her finger in her book;
I fear the frigid anguish of her look—
Wave! that my voice may thaw the frozen
brook.

Of love within her heart.

Wave! that the drops may spring,
The bright, large tear-drops, in her burning
eyes;
Wave! that her breast may heave with woman-
sighs,
And when my storm of music, languid, dies,
She will start and sing.

Surge over me, thou Brook!
Sway my deep chords with thy untutored
fingers;

I love the dewy eloquence which lingers
Upon thy touch, and, like the Minnesingers,
I chant of birds and trees;

Of fields and running streams,
Of mossy stones and walls where lichens grow,
Of still, white cottages with pale green lawns;
And all things beautiful that men can know,
Or imagine in their dreams!

Wave over me, thou Wind!
Now loud, now low—now martial, now serene;
The moon goes up the sky, like some pale
queen.

Upon her death-night, and the stars between
Quake 'neath her glances, oh, Wind!

And while upon my strings,
I catch the resilience of her downward look,
Which shivers field and wall and running brook,
Oh, Wind! connecting with my lady's book,

Wave over me thy strings!



THE HOSTILE MEETING.

VIOLET;

ON,
THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY MIERCE BGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerks Office
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CHAPTER XVII.

The sudden blast of wintry wind which it swept fiercely through the antique gallery, committing havoc on rusty hatchets, scythes, and scything banners, seemed to have expended its fury when it hurried to the ground the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood.

With the roar of the falling picture the gust died away in one long, mournful moan, which the arched roof echoed again and again.

In a paroxysm of mortal fright, Pharisee fled, and Lord Kingswood was left alone with his senseless wife and unacknowledged son.

In horror, as in amazement, each stood regarding the other, until a dead and almost awful stillness prevailed in the old gallery once more.

Eric was the first to recover himself, and he advanced towards Lord Kingswood, as if to assist in the recovery of Lady Kingswood, but his lordship motioned him away with vehement gestures.

"Thou art here as a curse to me! I summoned you not, but you appear as a destroying spirit, come to crush my peace and annihilate my hopes. Go—leave me! Away! quit Kingswood forever! I will dare all, endure the worst realization of my wildest apprehensions, rather than continue to submit to the torture of thy accursed presence. Go, wretch! a lifetime cannot repay the evil you have already wrought here!"

Eric felt, as he listened to this impetuous burst from Lord Kingswood, as if every word had stabbed him. Wonder, pride and haughty resentment struggled with a desire to preserve a show of respect to the rank and position of Lord Kingswood as the head of the House of Kingswood. Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to conceal the agony which this indignity inflicted upon him, and even Lord Kingswood, excited as he was, almost cowered beneath the gleam of indignant wrath that flashed from Eric's glittering eyes.

The youth, with a strong effort of the will, however, controlled his bitter anger, and with a man of dignified loftiness, he said—

"I go, my lord, at your bidding; yours the responsibility, not mine."

He strode towards the door, and moved by an irresistible influence, he turned and faced Lord Kingswood, who had watched him with the stalk away with something of the same de-

mand: "He would have gazed at the slow evanescence of a spectre.

He extended his hand pointedly to Lord Kingswood.

"A higher power than yours directs my future," he exclaimed; and raising his voice, he added, emphatically, "my lord, we shall be together again."

"We shall meet again!" was re-echoed through the gallery, it seemed by another voice; but without heeding it, because it seemed to him that the vaulted roof had flung back his words, he departed, and hastened to his own chamber, leaving Lord Kingswood alone still supporting the lifeless form of Lady Kingswood.

He flung himself upon a seat with the purpose of slaying, as far as he could, his irritated and tormented feelings before he determined upon the direction he should pursue on leaving Kingswood.

Goaded almost to madness as he had been by the stinging words of Lord Kingswood, he still did not intend to act an unwise as to act with precipitate recklessness. Remain beneath the roof which then sheltered him longer than imperative necessity compelled him, he would not. But where to go?

He had the address of Ishmael Malpas, but he recoiled from making any use of it. Ishmael might, he had declared himself to be, a friend, yet not in the sense in which he interpreted the word. During his past life he certainly had educated, clothed, and kept him, but had never visited him. He had placed him beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall, but upon what terms?

His forehead burned and his cheeks tingled as he recalled Lord Kingswood's latest words.

No; he decided that he would not seek Ishmael, but fight his own way in the world, with no other aid than his head, his good right arm, and a stout heart.

Still, with a burning flush upon his forehead, he thought of the mystery which surrounded his birth.

"Better let it remain to me a mystery," he said, with a burst of emotion, "than I should have to hear that, every word of which would contract and petrify my heart until it became a deadened mass of stone."

And thus he sat and pondered. One charm alone had bound him to Kingswood, and that had been rudely dispelled; what mattered it to him where, henceforward, he wandered?

It occurred then to him that Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, had spoken to him of London, and he remembered that he had heard strange stories respecting the mighty city; how humble boys had risen to mighty wealth; how a village boy of wild, irregular habits, had won India for England; how equally humble youths had commanded fleets and vast armies, leading them to great victories, by which they were themselves immortalized.

A glow of enthusiasm pervaded his frame, and lighted up his eloquent eyes.

"Thither will I go," he cried, earnestly. "The prize of fame and honor will not be denied to him who zealously, ardently, and unceasingly seeks to win it."

Within an hour from that time he had packed his valise, and had despatched it by one of the men working in the grounds, to the railway-station, situated a few miles distant, there to await him.

"A few hours," he soliloquised, "and I shall be far from all who have known me, and lighted up his eloquent eyes."

and among strangers, caring less for me even than those I have parted with. So be it. I bear with me at least a memory they cannot rob me of."

We drew from his breast the flowers and the glove he had found in the library, and he passed them to his lips.

"Love tokens, by all that's namby-pamby!" exclaimed his unwelcome visitor, scornfully. "Pray from what pretty fool did you purloin them?"

Eric rose up, and sternly regarding Philip, restored the flowers and glove whence he had taken them.

"I am told that you are a descendant from an old family. I do not believe it. A gentleman, I am sure you are not; a boor's changeable doublets you are. You could not otherwise be so obviously ignorant of the common courtesy of life."

"Dog!" ejaculated Philip Avon, fiercely, advancing towards him.

Eric raised his hand to put him back.

"Remain where you are," he said, disdainingly. "This is not the spot at which you appointed to meet me: this floor is not the ground on which to settle the hostility of which you have spoken, unless you desire to raise suspicions you profess to desire to扫除.

In the grey dusk he sat, his thoughts wandering from his earliest childhood, through his boyish tasks, struggles, few pleasures, even down to his meeting with Lady Maud; there they rested and nestled.

Should he not write a word to her? No.

He had written all he cared, or indeed, he could say, upon the margin of that leaf, upon which he felt sure she would again cast her sweet, tender eyes. What more could he say? He loved her, and he prayed her kind remembrance of him. That remembrance would hang over his forest grave, if he fell like a wreath of immortals above the tomb of one beloved, or it would shine before him, if he lived, as a lode-star leading him on to high and ennobling actions.

Wearied out by excitement and overwrought reflections, he sank into a fitful, disturbed slumber, from which he started to find Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, bending over him, scrutinising, with strange eagerness, every feature of his face.

He rose up, and Pharisee fell back, assuming a respectful attitude. Eric eyed him for a minute curiously, and then said, with evident surprise—

"Why do you visit me at this late hour, Pharisee?"

"For more than one reason, Mr. Gower," returned the man, with an obsequious air and a sidelong glance at Eric. "I must request your pardon if I appear obtrusive and officious; it is not my design to be either, yet I feel that the step I have taken, and the observations I may make, may wear that complexion. I entreat you not to misconceive me. I have enjoyed the confidence of Lord Kingswood for many, many years, and that of her ladyship also—that is, partly—partly, Mr. Gower—for Lady Kingswood is of that sex which delights in reservations. I honor and respect both, but I honor and respect you, too, Mr. Gower."

Eric's lip curled yet more scornfully.

"I am pacing on the appointed spot this morning at dawn; and you—you are well enough to parade here like a gascon, less his tortoise—"

"Now—now this moment, we can adjourn to the Chace," exclaimed Philip, foaming at the mouth.

"With a chuckling growl of vindictive hate, Philip rejoined—

"Oh, but I will be awaiting you to-morrow at dawn, in Kingswood Chace."

"To-morrow, at dawn," repeated Eric.

With a triumphant fire in his black eyes, and a scowl of hatred on his brow, Philip, waving his hand with a contemptuous gesture, hurried from the apartment.

But for the morning's engagement, Eric would have taken his departure from Kingswood too; as it was, he flung himself again in his chair to remain beneath the now hated roof yet a few hours longer.

He had an impulsive wish to pay Cyril a visit, to say a few words to him ere they part.

"Proceed," exclaimed Eric, impatiently.

"I do not believe that you are able to make, if you feel so disposed, this revelation."

"Wherefore?" inquired Eric, haughtily.

"Excuse me," replied the valet, with a slow inclination of the head; "some day I will be more explicit on this head."

"Leave, boy," uttered Eric, bitterly. "Tell the same story."

Pharisee looked steadfastly into Eric's eyes, but with a sinister glance, nevertheless.

"Be assured, sir, of one thing," he exclaimed, with a marked and peculiar emphasis; "there is one fact which cannot be kept secret from those who have eyes in their heads, and brains in their skulls; you are a Kingwood."

Eric started, and turned a wild, eager, and unsettled look upon Pharisee. A rush of thought raced through his mind. He remembered, vividly, at this moment, Lady Kingswood's emphatic question to her husband in the ancient portrait gallery. He recalled Ishmael's strange observations respecting the claim he had to be received beneath the roof which now covered him, and that it was a duty he owed to another to enforce that claim, with a hazy remembrance of dreams with which he had been visited while sleeping in the old portion of the building. His face and lips became of the hue of marble. He stood motionless as a statue, and involuntarily murmured—

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace, shall solve the wonder of Kingswood Chace."

"Ah! Mr. Gower, there lies the difficulty!" exclaimed Pharisee, shrugging his shoulders.

"What is the wonder of Kingswood Chace? Nobody knows. The present Lord Kingswood became Lord Kingswood after his father's death. He was the heir of the race; he has never solved the mysterious riddle, nor his father before him. His father, by the by, like all the heirs of this baron, since the bad baron, lived unhappily and died miserably."

"A Kingwood!" ejaculated Eric, not seeming to heed what he said. "A Kingwood. I am a Kingwood."

"A veritable Kingwood, I'll be sworn," responded Pharisee.

Eric pressed his hand upon his forehead. If he truly were a Kingwood, in what relation did he stand to Lord and Lady Kingswood and their son?

A hot flush of scarlet scorched his brow; a quiver of intense agony wrung his heart; a suffocating emotion almost rendered his voice inarticulate as he asked:—

"Has Lord Kingswood been twice married?"

"I do not—nay, the world knows not that," replied Pharisee, musingly, as if a new suspicion arose in his brain; "but," he added, "I do not believe it, though difficult it would be, impossible to ascertain that fact. If it pleases you, I will make the necessary inquiries and acquaint you with the result."

Eric pressed his clenched fist upon his chest.

"It is a point upon which I greatly wish for information," he rejoined, rather as if interrogating than replying to Pharisee's offer.

"You may rely upon me," returned the valet, with a promptness, the celerity of which was a little remarkable; and he added, with some volubility—"Indeed, Mr. Gower, the object of my visit to you has some connection with an inquiry of this kind. To tell you the truth, sir, you are at this moment, if

not the Wonder of Kingswood Chase, the Wonder of Kingswood. Every good visitor has recently but briefly or cursorily desired to know who you are. They ask, they question, they murmur, until Lord Kingswood is flung into a paroxysm of fury, by the notice you have sent. His lordship designs, therefore, in order that his life may not shorten so unmercifully as before, way to keep you a prisoner in the unoccupied part of the house, and cause your removal to the isolated portion of the Chase. Circumstances have allowed this intention—"

"What circumstances?" inquired Eric sternly.

"Well, Lady Kingswood's marriage respecting you," he replied. "Lady Kingswood is yet comparatively young; she is exceedingly handsome; looks younger by much than she is. She is a lady one might love burningly—passionately—madly impetuously."

"Follow! are you mad?" cried Eric, in a loud, sonorous tone.

Pharisee's features seemed to expand and turn blue.

"I—I—I—I beg a thousand pardons," he stammered—"a million pardons, for my exaggerated expression—what I sought to convey was that Lady Kingswood, might lead her to imagine many erroneous things. His lordship, quite aware of this fact, has determined to make such alteration in his plans respecting you, as to resolve to remove you from England to some far place where the climate would work a fatal result with more certainty than even knife or poison."

"I will not hear such villainous suggestions respecting his lordship from any person—especially from yours. Leave me instantly. I will not further listen to you," cried Eric, angrily.

"I was fearful that you would misrepresent me, Mr. Gower," observed Pharisee, deprecatingly. "I do not, I beg you expressly to understand, even by implication, intend to assert that Lord Kingswood would dream of employing such horrible weapons to remove you from life, but I do assert that he is very anxious to be relieved from your presence."

"I know that," Eric replied, gloomily.

"I came here, therefore, to counsel you to take the first step," he continued, "to remove yourself—say to London—that is the place. Within its vast recesses and extensive districts, you may remain, if you please, concealed, or you may, in its open and high places, show yourself at will. There you may dictate terms to his lordship; here, you would have to accept them. There free and untrammeled, you can live as you choose, and roam where your fancy leads you, indulging in galatees and pleasures of all kinds, for which, if needful, I will advance the money."

Eric frowned, and with an imperious gesture, said, indignantly—

"Leave me. I have heard too much, Begone!"

"You misapp

He descended there, going, by the aid of the lamp, upon the smooth creaking stone walls which he had run before the opportunity of climbing, and at length reached a deep chasm, in which he lay above the depth to which he had formerly descended.

He applied the key to the padlock on the door, and the door opened readily. A blast of night air blew out his lamp, but he saw dimly, through smoke, the light of a crescent moon, slowly descending from the meridian towards the horizon.

This, then, was the door by which it was originally intended he should make his way from the rear of the building to the Chase; the one he had pursued was therefore a second entrance, which he had discovered by accident.

He thought little of this; it was easy to conjecture that, if had been formed in early and treacherous times, when such precautions as locks or appurtenances were impossible to safety. Pushing the door, he stepped out upon the grimy sword which extended in this part up to the very walls.

The building threw a deep shadow upon the turf, extending for some distance, and to the limits of this shadow he proceeded, and then turned his face towards the building.

It sprang against the sky a solid but straggling mass, here castellated with turrets and bastions, there with pointed roof and pinnacled crests of an ecclesiastical character,

and now tall, square, and compact, fringed with abutments, and overlooked by a campanile tower, from the sharply defined edge of whose dark, square, soaring form, appeared a portion of the diminished disc of the moon.

He stood with folded arms, and gazed upon it long and earnestly. Many strange thoughts passed through his mind, mingled with hopes, aspirations, and even simple wishes. The sombre, silent, and solemn aspect of the building, which seemed to him to have continually ejected him, gave the very saddest and most painful turn to his contemplations; and the remembrance, that a few short hours would find him in the throes of a mortal struggle, tended to lighten but little his heavy dejection.

"Farewell, Kingswood!" he exclaimed, in a low and mournful tone. "It must be long ere again I look upon your tall turrets or tread your proud halls. It may be that I now look my last. I could have parted from you without a sigh. I could have turned my back upon you with a smile of scorn, but that you hold encased the fairest, gentlest, loveliest creature the breath of Heaven ever called into being. Yes; I could have quitted you with high disdain, but that within your walls I leave all that I have ever loved. Oh! Lady Maud—sweet, pure, innocent as beautiful—I cannot leave thee without a sharp pang of agony—I cannot tear myself from the spot wherein you dwell a star in the cold, gloomy shade of haughty exclusiveness, and not feel the full bitterness of my utter desolation."

For a moment his emotion choked him, but conquering it, he clasped his arms—

"Farewell, Maud, farewell! The Great Being who looks down upon me standing here, lonely and isolated from all the living world but you—and you, save in thoughts—sets my heart, and He knows that in its unstained depths you reign queen, sovereign, and supreme. That if I am spared in the coming encounter with a vindictive and merciless foe, there shall still you reign, your dominion unshaken by other created being, or invaded by crime or any meaner vice; for I will thrust myself out of life, rather than be guilty of an ignoble act which, by association, should shame the unstained integrity of the kingdom you rule and shall ever rule over. I go to my banishment—I go with a full, proud, but a sad heart. O Maud! one thought of life surrounded by the gray and happy—

—she thought whilst circling with the joyous throngs in brilliant, gilded saloons—one thought in the deep quiet of night in your silent chamber, while I keep my lonely vigil with earnest eyes turned to that fair star in the unclouded expanse of heaven, most nearly in my vision, representing your bright lowness and lustrous purity. I ask but that, and the cares, the dangers, the hardships, and trials of toil, the bitterness of isolation, will set lightly upon the spirit whose only aspiration now is to greet with hopeful yearning the time when in the Better Land—perhaps, for me, not afar—my shade may meet thy gentle spirit on fair terms of equal love and bliss unclouded. Farewell, Maud, dearest one, and only beloved! May the blessings of a smiling heaven be strewed as flowers in thy life-path.

May thy gentle heart never, never know the cruel misery and the deadly anguish which now crushes mine. Farewell!"

He sank upon his knees, and clasped his hands fervently as he offered up to heaven this orison; and when he had completed it, sprang to his feet, turned his back upon the hall, and set his face to the dark, and seemingly intricate mass of trees, whose boughs and branches, though shorn of leaves, yet screened from observation that secluded part of the old Chase where he had engaged to meet, for a passage of deadly strife, his malignant foe and rival, Philip Avon.

CHAPTER XVII.

The solemn stillness of the night, unbroken save by the mournful rustling of the skeleto branches as the bleak, wintry wind forced its slow way through the complicated reticulation of twigs and tapering boughs, the grim loneliness, and the black solitude of the forest depths, the sepulchral quietude of the unpeopled glades, soothed only too harmoniously with the deep melancholy which hung over his brow like a heavy crown of dismal cypress.

Even had he not the motive and the wish to meet Philip Avon in mortal combat, he would have preferred to wander thus in the silent night, than to have toiled restlessly and aimlessly upon a dreary road, beneath the stars he had just quitted, with the expectation of returning to it never more.

Unknowing whither his dull feet bore him, he wandered on, impelled only when not thinking of Lady Maud, for the evening down.

He gazed on the bank of the small stream, here and there covered by mossiness, which fell, murmuring and gurgling a low, soft chant, as it pursued its chosen way through the wood.

Poised, however, at a short distance from him, he beheld, with amazement, the figure of a female, seated in an attitude of deep deploration.

She sat motionless as a statue, and in the total obscurity of the night, seemed more like an apparition than a living, breathing creature.

Erie had already, since his arrival at Kingswood Hall, been sufficiently surrounded by the mysterious to shake his disbelief of the supernatural, but neither his courage nor his spirit of inquiry into the truth of the existence of things immaterial were so affected as to make him shrink from so remarkable a vision as now presented itself to him.

At first he imagined that his eyes were deceived by some fantastic, wreathing vapor, but a few paces taken softly and noiselessly, and he found himself undeceived.

He recognized in the immovable, but evidently sadly despairing being, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase!

His movement betrayed his presence to her. She rose up with a sudden cry of joy, and advanced with a hurried step to him, exclaiming, in a tone of exulting pleasure—

"Cyril! oh, my Cyril."

As suddenly as she sprang forward she halted, and a faint moan of disappointment escaped her lips, for she perceived that the sole possessor of her thoughts was not he who had intruded upon her solitude.

With a hesitating, faltering step, she would have retired, but Erie stayed her by a gesture of his hand.

"Fear me not," he exclaimed, in a soft, low tone. "I have not the will, if I had the power, to harm you; and I am desirous of interchanging a few words with you."

She gazed with eyes upon him for a moment, then she turned her gaze about her as if to look whether any other person were near. Apparently satisfied that they were alone, she turned her face, so wondrously beautiful, especially in the silver-grey light of the moonbeams, and said, in an earnest voice—

"You saved Cyril Kingswood."

"It is of him I would speak to you," returned Erie, approaching her until he stood by her side.

She turned her full eyes upon him.

"Speak!" she exclaimed.

"You know him," he said, looking fixedly at her.

"I know him!" she replied, dropping her eyes to the greenward.

"You have known him long, perhaps?"

"From childhood," she replied, still with a downcast look and a rising blush, which did not, even in the moonlight, remain unnoticed at all.

"You have been friends even for so long a time!" he said, with a marked enunciation.

"We have been friends so long," she replied, with an embittered accent.

"Not rude nor impertinently inquisitive think me if I pursue this inquiry," continued Erie, speaking in gentle tones. "Our meeting is in itself singular, your position is strange and remarkable, and the incidents attendant upon the last visit Cyril Kingswood paid to the Chase, are of so mysterious a character, that I cannot forbear questioning you, though I do not expect you to reply to me if you feel any reluctance, or my queries prove of an objectionable character."

"Speak," she returned, "I am bound to answer."

"Bound!" he echoed, with surprise; "why bound to answer me?"

"You saved the life of Cyril Kingswood," she replied, in earnest tones.

"For that I have no claim on your gratitude. I knew you not when I raised my hand to save him from a dastardly blow," rejoined Erie.

"There is yet another reason," she exclaimed, as, raising her eyes to his face, she timidly scrutinized his features.

"Name it," said Erie, ironically.

"You exactly resemble the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," she replied, rather tremulously.

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chase?" he repeated, with much surprise. "I thought you were the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

She shook her head.

"In the old hunting-lodge there hangs a picture," she rejoined, speaking with a strange awe. "It is the portrait of a lord, anciently a baron of these domains. He brought upon his house a doom. His spectre wanders in the Chase, and he is called the Wonder of Kingswood Chase. You exactly resemble the picture."

She shrank back a step or two, and with a violent shudder convulsing her frame, she murmured—

"You may be he!"

Again this allusion to his resemblance to the bad Baron of Kingswood.

A strange thrill passed through Erie as the several occasions upon which this coincidence had been forced upon his notice flashed through his brain? It was, however, but a passing emotion.

"I am not he, but a living, breathing creature like yourself, save that I have neither kin nor kin, nor friend in the wide world."

"Cyril," she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"He might have been," he answered, musingly and sadly, "he can be nothing to me now."

She gazed earnestly at him, struck by the delicate tone of his voice.

"I, too, am lone and friendless," she exclaimed, musingly.

"Cyril!" he ejaculated, with a faint smile.

"He must be nothing to me now," she returned, in a voice equally despondent with his own.

"Tell me," said Erie, abruptly, "do you friends know of the intimacy between Cyril Kingswood and yourself?"

"Friends?" she echoed, in a sarcastic tone,

and then added, mournfully, "Do not urge that question, I cannot answer it."

"Listen to me," said Erie, gravely and earnestly, "Cyril Kingswood, on your moon was at the full, came hither to meet you that night, I found him not far from hence, hidden, in the boughs of the ruffian, Tubal Kish?

"Lifeless?" repeated the maiden, in tones of terror.

"He was bleeding from a blow on the temple. Tubal Kish's hand struck the blow. May, was he instigated to this foul deed by your friends?"

"My friends?" she ejaculated, almost incoherently. "No, oh, no. Why should he wish harm to Cyril?"

"You are a forest maiden, simple, perhaps humble; he is the son of a lord. Your brothers—your parents—may believe that he has evil designs upon your happiness, and have taken this mode of separating you," suggested Erie.

The maiden wrung her hands in grief.

"I have no brothers—no parents. I have no friend but Ishmael," she exclaimed.

Erie started. He caught her by the wrist.

"But who?" he inquired, in an astonished voice.

"Ishmael," she replied, "and he is cold and stern, and hates Cyril. Oh, Cyril is good, and gentle, and truthful, and would not wrong or injure me. Why should he?"

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"I have no brothers—no parents. I have no friend but Ishmael," she exclaimed.

Erie started. He caught her by the wrist.

"But who?" he inquired, in an astonished voice.

"Ishmael," she replied, "and he is cold and stern, and hates Cyril. Oh, Cyril is good, and gentle, and truthful, and would not wrong or injure me. Why should he?"

"My friends?" she ejaculated, almost incoherently. "No, oh, no. Why should he wish harm to Cyril?"

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to act as Agents, to obtain subscriptions to the Stock of the Company.
All communications should be directed to the undersigned, at the Office of the Company #ADAMS HOUSE, BOSTON, and to whom all applications for copies of Charter, By-Laws, and other documents should be made.

JOSIAH PERHAM,
President Board of Commissioners.

As we give the company the advantage of this gratuitous advertisement, we may be excused for advising our readers not to send in any money, until they examine a little into the matter. It certainly has a very curious look. Perhaps our Boston contemporaries can tell us something about it. We are very friendly to a Pacific Railroad, but doubt that Messrs. Josiah Perham and Company will be able to get sufficient money in this way, to build it very soon. We should think they would suffice to pay the salaries of the officers.

We may further inquire how long it has been since the right of way through the public lands to the Pacific, "by way of Pike's Peak Gold Mine," was opened by Acts of Congress.

And, further, who are "Josiah Perham," "Oliver Frost," "Abel Abbott," and "I. S. Washington"—and whereabouts, in this city, are the books of the company open for subscription?

DESPERATELY IN LOVE.

Young men in England—that land of pain and fog—evidently often get as deep into love as the natives of sunnier climes. Witness what Mr. "Bernal"—as, it probably ought to be spelled, *Bernie*—writes in an English periodical called "Once a Week"—a long way the publishers of said magazine have of saying that it is a weekly:

I am jealous of all sensations things
That uses and touch these of the fluttering
wind.

That dances round with sand; familiar wings,
And dives to his thin eyes and lift the trees
From thy blue temple—the jewel blind
Upon thy bosom pillow'd, passionless.

And I could read the flavor that thou didst speak,
And drink its savor with my nostrils fine,
And taste it on thy which the bee didst seek.
Oh! I could kill thy sleek curving boud.

That feels thy hand, and blanched may entwine
Thy feet, where'er he chose to bound.

For I would have thee, as the miser hours
His idol gold, in 't close with ponderous key,
In shot of brass & buds resounding boards.
I could not rest, nill with smile uncurl'd
I bore my treasure o'er the secret seas,
To some oasis of the desert world.

Because I want the ALL—and nothing less
Than thy whole being would my heart suffice,—
Thee and thy love & nature I must possess.
No jot withheld,—a atom of the love
Pasing the sphere of adamantine ice,
Within whose vault we meet in oneness more.

Now our advice to the young lady who is so desperately in love by Mr. "Bernal," is to have nothing further to do with him. Any lover who could "read the flavor" that his mistress has plucked, "kill her sleek, curving boud," and lock the lady herself up in a "cage of brazen bars," is evidently a dangerous character, and it is fair to make the worst possible kind of a husband. These ardent gentlemen who led to their marriage as if they could out their sweethearts up, are often the very ones to be sorry afterwards that they had not done it.

BOGUS LOTTERIES.

In answer to these of our friends who send us lottery schemes emanating from bogus firms in this city, we may say—that all lotteries, whether the prizes are money, jewelry, or anything else, are illegal by the laws of Pennsylvania. We do not consider it, however, our duty to be all the time chiding our fellow citizens not to be duped by such things. The men that need any cautioning in these matters, cannot often be reached by mere words, which they probably generally impute to some ultra-orthodox motive on the part of him that utters them. Even the loss of the first money which they invest in such operations, does not always cure them—they may require to be duped at least three or four times before their verdancy is enlightened. This is getting wisdom at a rather high price, but then wisdom is worth paying a good price for, as the wise man said:—"My son, sell all thou hast, and get wisdom." We have no great admiration for sharpers—not much respect for their dupes, when the hook is so carelessly baited as in the instances to which we allude.

TREBLE-BEEN TREE.—Mr. W. M. C., of Decatur, Iowa, says that when he lived in Decatur county, Indiana, a beech tree on his place was struck by lightning, and striped from top to bottom. He says the theory will hold good as to Iowa though, because there are neither beech nor poplar trees in the State.

RUMSONE.—An "old subscriber" wishes to inquire, through THE POST, for a sure cure for Rumsone. It has come within two or three months.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOPES AND FEARS; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPINSTER. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c. Two volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY. By ALICE B. HAVEN, (Cousin Alice.) Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE PETTY ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MARRIED LIFE. From the French of Honore de Balzac. Translated by O. W. WIGHT and F. B. GOODRICH. Published by Rudd & Carlton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTESY AND MARRIAGE. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, author of "Frank Fairleigh," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"LAVENIA: A Novel." By G. RUPERT, author of "Dr. Antonio," "Lorenzo Benton," "Dear Experience," &c. Published by Rudd & Carlton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

METHODISM SUCCESSFUL, AND THE INTRINSICAL CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS. By Rev. R. F. THOMAS, D. D., L. L. D., late President of Geauga College. With a Letter of Introduction by Bishop Jones. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WILL HE FIND HER? A Romance of New York and New Orleans. By WALTER SUMMERTON. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

WHIMS AND ODYSSEY—with one hundred and twelve Illustrations—and National Tales. By THOMAS GLOOM. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND. Edited and Annotated by SAMUEL LOVER, author of "Handy Andy," &c. Illustrated. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By the author of "Scouring of the White Horse," &c. Part First. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE HEROES OF EUROPE: A Biographical Outline of European History from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

FATIGUEFUL FOR EVER. By COVENTRY PATMORE, author of "The Angel in the House." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE MARCHES IN SYRIA. Published by R. M. DE WHIT, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE TERRIBLE COUSINS. By J. A. MAITLAND, author of "Barbaro," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SASSSETT'S ORIGINAL DIALOGUES. By ERNEST SASSSETT, author of "The Standard Speaker," &c. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GRIMES'S POPULAR TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES. Two Separate Volumes—First and Second Series. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY. By the Author of "The Poetry of Moreland." Published by J. E. THOMAS, Co., Boston; and for sale by S. M. Hazard, Jr., 724 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE PERCY FAMILY. The Baltic to Vesuvius. By SAMUEL C. EDDY. Published by Andrew F. Graves, Boston; and for sale by Smith, English & Co., Phila.

THE UNION TEXT-BOOK. Containing Selections from the Writings of Daniel Webster; The Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States; and Washington's Farewell Address. With Copious Index. Published by G. G. Evans, 419 Chestnut-street, Phila.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1861. Published by Higlett & Welch, 320 Chestnut street, Phila.

PHONOGRAPHY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In your issue of the 10th of November, I noticed an editorial on Phonography, or short-hand writing, in which you expressed a desire that some person who has learned the art would inform your readers "whether the science really be as useful to students, physicians, ministers, and literary men in general;" as the writer from whom you quote "would make us believe." Learn phonography if you are a minister; the writer, "for it will save you five-sixths of the time you present employ in writing your notes, or elaborating your sermons in full. Learn phonography, if you are a lawyer, for it will enable you to secure the floating word on which may depend the future life or honor of your client. Learn phonography, if you are a student, and would secure, and thus fully profit by the instruction that is daily offered to you in lectures, and by oral instructions of your teachers. Learn phonography, if you have to rely upon yourself and the private study of books for the acquisition of knowledge."

Having studied this art for eighteen months, I think I can satisfactorily reply to your interrogatory. In your article you acknowledge the usefulness of phonography to reporters, but doubt that it will be of great practical use to the minister, the lawyer or the student; for you say, "though sermons may be written, testimony taken down, and notes made with it, it is quite probable you will have to guess at what has been written in it. In this event, indeed, the art would be of but little value. Now, in my opinion, vocalized phonography, i.e., containing the vowels as well as the consonants, in phonographic characters, is as readily and easily read as plainly written manuscript. To the minister or the lecturer, more especially, it must be of incalculable benefit, for while being enabled to write out a sermon or lecture with the great speed which phonography admits of, he will save four-fifths of his time; and in the reading of his short-hand manuscript, he will find it much easier read, in all probability, than his long-hand writing, and he will be enabled to read the pronunciation, and catch it as quickly as though the words he spoke were being repeated after an elocutionist. This, I say, phonography admits of; for while you are writing the forms of words, you are also writing their sound, or pronunciation. Every consonant of each word is represented by phonographic characters, and not only are the vowels, too, represented, but also their proper sound. For example: the vowel *a* has its four distinct sounds represented by four different characters, as in the words *arm*,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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But see exactly what THE POST is, write for a SAMPLE NUMBER, which will be sent gratis to any one desirous of subscribing for a weekly Premium. We will also send you a list of terms you will see that THE POST is not only the *best*, but the *cheapest* of the *WEEKLIES*; and that we offer

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THE OLD STORY.
BY WILLIE LIGHTHEART.

Mamma, mamma, young Eddie Jones,
Who rolled for me last night,
And by the fishes oak and deer,
Beneath the moon's soft light,
Wandered so many pretty things
About his country home,
And took my hand in his and asked
If I would be his own.

He called me beautiful, and said—
My hand was snowy white,
My lips were red and my eyes
Were like the diamond's light;
And then he sighed and looked so sad,
And seemed in such distress,
That when he called me to his bed,
I had to tell him yes.

But I got my daughter, Eddie Jones
A new young man may be,
But "he can't keep a hotel," nor
A husband to these;
He's nothing but a country clown,
And does not own a red,
Before I see you marry him,
I'd rather both were dead.

But, dear mamma, young Eddie Jones,
To scold, I am sure,
For old Spindalid died and left
Five thousand pounds or more;
And all his money is his own,
Besides his country home;
Mamma, mamma, I'd rather be
His bride, than live alone.

I know he loves the very ground
On which my shadow falls,
And will delight to furnish me
With bonnets, hoops and shawls;
And more than all that gold can buy,
More than my potted vine
That climbs upon the porch—I love
To know his heart is mine.

Five thousand pounds!—and off he goes!
Whew, daughter, what a pile!
Not that I care a fig for wealth,
Therefore you needn't smile.
But Eddie Jones has won your heart,
And loves you too, I guess;
So, when he takes your hand again,
Just say, I acquiesce.

—Charlotte New.

MAXIMILIAN'S COURTSHIP.

My friend Max had an imperial nose—half-hawkish, that is; large, bright eyes, small mouth, and luxuriant brown hair. His full, overhanging moustaches were screwed into points and waxed at the ends in the Hungarian fashion, so that they stood out from his cheeks like two rods, at exactly right angles to his nose. In what robes or simple habiliments my friend Max would have arrayed himself, had he possessed ample means, it would be difficult to say; but, as his said means were decidedly limited, there was a sadness, not to say a splendid shabbiness, in his appearance, which reminded one strongly of the past, and held out very little hopes for the future. His chief garment was a wide-sleeved, broad-skirted, no-waisted, velvet-collared, and most elaborately braided blouse, which, as it was warm weather, was spread over the back of his chair in the manner of an imperial robe, with the sleeves conspicuously in front on account of the braiding. Max smoked his cigar in short, emphatic puffs, and sipped his coffee, as he sat in the Paradies Garden on the ramparts of Vienna, with all the indolence of the East and some of the graces of the West.

Max was under promise to tell me the story of his courtship, and thus began:

"Amalie has such beautiful eyes!" exclaimed my sister Sophie to me one day.

"The Franklin Amalie Stralich has a fortune of five thousand guildens," said my mother, following suit.

"Her papa is such a kind, fine old gentleman," continued Sophie.

"The Herr von Stralich's estate of Eichenwald," pursued my mother, "is not to be matched in the whole circle."

Now I knew all this before. Amalie Stralich had beautiful eyes and a dower of five thousand guildens; and as for the old gentleman and his estate, I had shaken hands with the one, and hoped to go shooting over the other. Just at the nick of time came an invitation from the worthy proprietor himself; and when my sister Sophie slyly inquired of me when I intended to pay my visit to Eichenwald? "To-morrow," exclaimed I, briskly. And so I did.

Eichenwald is close to Fishamund, and Fishamund is three and a half good German miles from Vienna. How to get there? My dear fellow, it has always been one of the fatalities of my existence that, at the precise moment when I had the least money, I was certain to have the most need of it. What with the glass boots, and the kid gloves, and the canaries, and an abominable sum of twenty guildens schillen, without the payment of which I could not release my new blouse—it was now then—from the hands of the inflexible tailor, I found myself with only so much cash as would pay the post-wagon to my destination. How could I walk four German miles in varnished leather boots?—and what would become of the little delicacies of my toilet if I did? If I wrote by post what a miserable figure I should cut with scarcely a swanlike in the gay silken page which sister Sophie had woven for me in anticipation of the visit! Here was a dilemma! In my indecision I missed the post, and after a vain attempt to eke out a few two or three hours drivers at the *Lidde* into carrying me and my magnificence half-way for a reasonable fare, I tossed my blouse over my shoulder, pinched my moustaches with violent determination, and started on my way on foot, resolved to throw myself, for the fifth time at least, upon the generosity of fortune. And—pretty John's trick she played me!

I had not gone far when I heard the clattering of a country cart behind me.

"Ho, ho!" shouted I, to the driver. "Whither away?"

"To Fishamund, Esuer Gneida," was the reply.

"What is beyond Fishamund, is it not?"

"Three miles by the highway, Esuer Gneida," said he.

"Then I'll tell where what it is, my lad; give me a lift to Fishamund, and here's a swanlike for thee."

The jolly peasant grinned from ear to ear, and held out his arm.

"Can I assist your grace to mount?" said he, and in a moment I was by his side, full of hopeful anticipations of the termination of my journey. Our cart was filled with—what thought thou?—onions! *Hohes!* all loose, and full to the very brim! But my chariot held a clean sack over them, and on this reposed my blousehouse in all its regal magnificence; and so we rattled happily on till we came to Schwesheit.

"Halte-la!" cried I, "let's take a schnaps."

So we both got down and found our way into the village tavern, in less time than it takes me to tell it; my driver, however, turning a wistful look towards his horse as he came, which I learned to understand much better five minutes later than I did at the moment—more's the pity! Scarcely had we got our liquor fairly before us, and were raising it to our lips, when a fierce clatter was heard outside, and the driver dashed down his glass, and, with a yell, ran to the door.

"El, Gottes himmel!" shouted he, "Mathias has holded!"

Mathias was the horse, and, sure enough, he was off, faster shelter along the road, with the onions hopping about his ears like live creatures. There was no time to consider, so we took the road with a bound; but whether we should ever have overtaken Mathias or not, must remain forever undecided, seeing that after a hard run he was brought short up by a stranger who was ahead of him, and who dexterously caught him by the bridle when in full career. It was something short of compliments which met the ears of Mathias when we came panting up by his side. How his master swore! For my part, I was too busy with my unlucky blousehouse, which, pounded in among the onions, I dragged up with considerable difficulty, to pay much attention to the horse; but I believe he got his share of abuse for all that.

We thanked the stranger for his timely assistance, and, having again made things as snug and compact as possible, sprang into our vehicle, and started off afresh upon our journey. My only satisfaction was that Mathias had taken the road forward, so that with all our trouble we had been progressing, and that at even a more rapid rate than we had intended. Another hour's ride brought us into Fishamund, and I bade adieu to Mathias and his master, by no means dissatisfied to find myself near my journey's end. My toilet was terribly disturbed by the run and ride. I freshened myself up in the best way under the circumstances, and began to feel myself happier at every step I advanced up the romantically wooded lane which led to Eichenwald.

Half an hour's walk up the steep path brought me to a gateway of open woodwork, and a few paces beyond, just as in a play, stood a comely old gentleman in a loose garden costume, crowned by a green skull cap, with an enormous tip. This was no other than old Stralich himself, and whom I embraced with all the affectionate ardor of a future son-in-law. The next half hour was delightful. The meeting with the two girls, Amalie and Rosa, all smiles and blushes, seemed only a prelude of the pleasure that was to come; while the savory odor which greeted my entrance into the house was an agreeable foretaste, considering how hungry I was, of the carnal comforts which were in store for me. I was in high glee. I had made a capital debut: I felt myself already at home, and as I sat down to the tasty luncheon already spread for me, I drained a glass of wine in a silent toast to my own success.

I was deep in a cold pasty when Madame—I beg her pardon—the Frau von Stralich, entered the room. Nothing could be more gracious than her reception of me; and as the Frau was of an ancient family, and exceedingly formal, and it was something to gain her favor, I congratulated myself again upon my good fortune. The good lady, however, betrayed some uneasiness for which I could not account, and after sniffing about the room for some time, exclaimed suddenly—

"What have they served you with, Herr Putz—onions?"

Some vague recollections of Mathias and the cart struggled through my happier thoughts for a moment, but I gave no serious attention to them, and having regaled myself to my satisfaction, sauntered back into the revolving-room, bearing upon my arm—dolt that I was!—my unlucky blousehouse. With a sort of fatality, which I cannot now understand, I persisted in placing it in the most conspicuous position; paraded it about like a horse; laid it out upon the best chair; and yet was so blind and senseless in my own vanity as not to perceive that it reeked like a very poest, and had a full-grown onion half-crushed in one pocket.

"Phew!" exclaimed old Stralich, as he entered from the garden, "who has been peeling onions in the room?"

Suddenly I fell upon the scene. It came upon me in strength like the odor of an orange grove, only of a different flavor. I knew too well whence it came; but it was too late to smuggle my blousehouse into the adjoining chamber, for, at the very moment the two girls came flowing into the room, as fresh as the flowers, rustling and fluttering in new silks and ribbons. I forgot my blousehouse in the excitement caused by their entrance, and for the next half hour was as happy as a prince, laughing and chatting about Vienna, its theatres, its concerts, and ball-saloons; and became so utterly oblivious of Mathias and the onions cart, that, with cool serenity, I answered old Stralich's inquiries as to how I had come, by the blunt lie that I had come to Fishamund by post. I



IMPROVED SKATE AND ANKLE BRACE.

The skate illustrated in the above engraving is the combined invention of J. P. Blondin (the celebrated rope walker), Frank Douglass, N. H. Stofford, and J. B. Hernstrof, all of whom applied for separate patents on the invention about the same time. An interference was declared at the Patent Office, but before the day appointed for opening the evidence in the case, the several parties compromised the matter between themselves, and the patent was issued on October 26, 1860, to Mr. Blondin, *ass'gnee to himself and all the other parties named above.*

Two brass plates, one, A, on each side, are fastened to the heel of the skate by pivots at their lower ends, and at their upper ends also by pivots to a broad leather strap, which passes around the leg above the ankle joint. While this arrangement allows all the freedom of motion requisite to the foot, it pre-

vents that side-turning of the ankle-joints which causes the greatest fatigue in skating, and is the principal difficulty with beginners.

The straps for fastening this skate, besides being remarkably secure, operate as an extra clothing to the foot, preventing that coldness of the feet which is the principal discomfort in this delightful exercise. These are shown so plainly in the cut as hardly to require a description. The heel strap, B, is in the form of the counter to a shoe, the two pieces, C C, cover the sides of the foot, and the tongue, D, passes from the toe over the top of the foot, under all the narrow straps to prevent these from pressing in a way to produce pain or injury.

Messrs. Douglass, Rogers & Co., of Norwich, Conn., manufacture the skate, and to them inquiries should be addressed.

little thought of the net I was wearing for myself.

Old Stralich was proud of his daughters, but still prouder of his son, Franz. *Franz*, more properly speaking, had been despatched on a mission to a neighboring landowner near Schwesheit, and was momentarily expected with a company of young people, invited on my account. Speaking of him, we naturally fall upon the subject of youthful gallantries; of the belles and gallants of the capital; of the last new fashions; and then, as ill luck would have it, upon my blousehouse, which was the last effort of inspiration of my Viennese tailor. Old Stralich must needs examine it, but had scarcely got it fairly into his hands than he let it fall, with the exclamation, "Phew! these onions again!" The devil was in the blousehouse, it seemed to breathe onions.

At this moment we heard a merry shout in the garden which saved me from any explanation, for Rose ran to the window, and, clapping her hands with joy, cried out with a happy laugh, "Here comes Franz! and the three Spitzids with him." We all rose to receive such distinguished company; for a qualm of nervousness came over me as the fear lest young Stralich, of whom I knew nothing, should be formal or disagreeable enough to spoil all my previous success, flushed over my mind. But the hitch was not to be advanced towards me. I felt the blood rush up into the veins of my face, and when old Stralich, of whom I knew nothing, should be formal or disagreeable enough to spoil all my previous success, flushed over my mind. But the hitch was not to be advanced towards me. He entered the room with a springy step, stretching out his hand as he advanced towards me. 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"I'LL THINK OF THY KISS, LOVE!"

On the foam of the billow,
"Mid the roar of the deep—
On the calm of my pillow,
When the tempest's sleep—
At the break of the morning,
When the o'er the sea
The gold of its dawning
Comes flashing and free—
At the darkness of daylight,
When slow sinks the sun
With the pride of a monarch
Whose conquest is won—
In the hour of sorrow,
In the moment of bliss,
I'll think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

On the banks of the Douro,
"Mid the groves of old Spain,
When the winter Boero
Wakes passion again—
In the halls of Alhambra,
Where marbles appear
The splendor of kingdoms,
The ruin of years—
By the side of the fountain,
In the noise of its mirth,
"Mid the depths of the mountain,
Where the bandit has birth—
In the hour of silence,
"Mid vapor and prayer,
I will think of our vows, love,
I'll wish thou wert there.

In the beauty of Florence,
Where art her home—
"Mid the grandeur of Venice,
The ashes of Rome—
In the wrecks of past glory,
Whose skeletons seem,
In the vagueness of story,
The kings of a dream—
In the carnival's madnes,
When riot runs free,
And revel wins sadness
To share in its glee—
In the midst of their rapture,
In visions like this,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

In the hush of the midnight,
When weary and lone,
The shadows shall haunt me
Of days that are gone—
And remembrance shall tell me
How like is my pride
To the half-buried column
That sleeps by me,
No temple to claim it,
No worship to share—
Alone in its ruin,
Alone in despair;
Oh! then in my anguish,
How soothing the balm,
To think of thy voice, love,
To think of thy kiss!

GEORGE HARLAND'S WOOGING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

George Harland stood twirling his cane, and now and then switching off the pretty pink clover heads with this slender object of masculine worship, while pretty little Daisy Dimple reclined beneath the great sugar maple, twisting her little fingers in and out of a little tuft of violets, scattering the delicate petals ruthlessly about upon the dark green turf.

"Don't, Daisy. Don't tear the poor little flowers to pieces so. Is that the way you trifle with the hearts of your adorers; use them awhile for your own pleasure, and then crush them as you are crushing those poor little violets?"

Daisy repeated mockingly,

"Don't George. Don't beat those poor flowers to pieces so. Is that the way you trifle with the heads of those that love you; use them awhile for your pleasure, and then beat them to pieces with your cane, as you do those poor clovers?"

George broke into a mellow laugh, but in a moment the serious, half-sad expression came back to his fine face, and he said pleadingly, as he bent his handsome head toward her,

"Gather them up, Miss Ellen, and give them to me for a parting gift. Then when far away, immersed in the toils and cares of the busy, humming city, I shall take out this little faded knot of flowers, and looking upon them, will fancy I see the sweet fresh flowers and fresh green grass of the quiet country. And above all, I shall see the face of my little friend, Daisy Dimple, peeping out at me through a clump of rosebushes, or from behind a haystack! Give them to me, Daisy, please."

Ellen threw a handful of the mutilated flowers in his face with a merry laugh, and a "Take that for laughing at me!" but her merry face soon sobered down again into an expression of demure earnestness.

"Won't you, Daisy?" he asked again.

She looked up into his face one moment as if to read the real motive that prompted the request, and then without a word began carefully to gather up the freshest looking flowers and arrange them in a tasteful bouquet.

"I shall miss you so much, Daisy," said George sadly, as he watched the tiny dimpled fingers of the little country maiden, arranging the violets. "There's no one who would care half so much whether I was comfortable, as you have done, were I to fall ill again. Shall you feel sorry to have me go?"

"Yes," was answered in a clear, distinct tone, which disappointed Mr. Harland greatly. He wanted to detect tremulous accent in the little hoyden's voice which should tell him she really did care. "I shan't have any one to romp with when you are away. Oh! George, what will I do? I won't have any one to ride races with me, or hold the egg basket while I climb into the haymow to get eggs for fresh puddings. Oh!"

She pursed up her pretty little cherry lips with such a comical expression, that George Harland laughed again. But the next moment he was again serious.

"May I come again to Lotuswood in autumn, Daisy? Say I may come!"

"To be sure you may. Do come and help me bend down the persimmon bushes for their delicious, pulchry fruit, and I'll save the biggest pickles for you, and a whole lot of cherries to make rolls—you're so fond of them."

"Thank you."

He tried hard not to laugh again, but little Ellen Dimple possessed a strange power of making people merry, even with her brown eyes turned away from their faces, and her pretty little phiz peaked up in the most becoming gravity.

"Ellen, do throw aside your gaiety for once, and speak to me seriously," he plead, taking the soft, dimpled hand in his own. "Tell me that you care for me a little—that you are sorry to have me go, and will be glad to have me come again."

"Certainly, I care for you. I am quite sorry to have you go, and will be glad to have you come again," she answered, with such grave precision he was again baffled.

Was this gentle, hoydenish little country maiden, proof against his fascinations. He was greatly chagrined.

"I must leave you now, Daisy," he said, sadly. "But I shall carry away with me a remembrance of the happiest hours of my life. I can never forget this summer at Lutewood."

Daisy's eyes drooped, and George Harland almost fancied he could see tears gathering upon the long, brown lashes. But that very pleasant illusion was dispelled in a moment, for she broke into a ringing peal of laughter.

"Oh! it was so funny!" she articulated through convulsive bursts of merriment. "I was just thinking about our long ramble, and happened to remember our race through the meadow, the time you tumbled into the frog-pond in trying to catch me for the cluster of ripe cherries I stole from your basket."

George colored deeply. The little imp had led him many a wild goose chase, from which he came off with anything but flying colors, and the remembrance of his many awkward blunders, mortified him beyond measure. However, he put a light face on the matter, and said coaxingly,

"Now, Daisy, one favor—only one, and I must go. Will you promise to grant it—this last request?"

"Conditionally. If agreeable to me, I'll grant it."

"Ah! Daisy! Well, it's this—give me just one kiss—only as a brother—kiss me once, just as you would kiss a brother at parting."

That was an admirable hit. Of course, she must kiss him now. She could not refuse to kiss a brother, and he would stand her in the stead of one. It could not wound even her delicacy to kiss him as she would a brother.

Ellen's eyes danced roguishly, but she looked very demure.

"Well, if you must go, good-bye. George, take good care of yourself, and when you come down to Lotuswood, bring me the great wax-doll you promised me. There, now—bend down your head."

She plied her little plump white arms up over his neck with an irresistibly frank movement, and held up the tempting red lips in such close proximity, that George felt a tingling sensation to his finger ends, but just as he was about to press his own upon them, she darted away like a fawn, and a trilling laugh came ringing back to him, heightening his disappointment almost to anger.

"Confound the luck! That girl is absolutely maddening! I wish I'd never seen her!"

With this very amiable wish he whirled away and leaped the fence into the highway, and in a very little while the old lumbering coach was bearing him away toward the teeming city.

An hour later, Miss Daisy Dimple might have been seen seated at the little piano in the parlor of the great, rambling farm house, a room which had been rigorously closed since the coming of George Harland to Lotuswood farm.

Ellen had her own especial reasons for this, which we must admit, were somewhat romantic.

She had taken an idea into her little head, that he might fall in love with her, and if he did, she was resolved that it should be for her little self alone—not for any advantages of education or accomplishment she possessed, and little Ellen Dimple was both educated and accomplished.

"If a man could not love me enough for my natural self, without the aid of ornament, or mind, or body, he don't deserve to have me, and I'll never marry till I find one who would love and take me without shame, despite my hoydenish propensities and want of accomplishments. If I don't find him, why, I'll never marry," she said once.

This was an odd idea for the little miss, but odd as it was, she was carrying it out with George Harland. He should not know that she was anything but a simple, uneducated little country maid, and she would be more hoydenish than ever in his presence, and yet captivate him in spite of himself. Good Mrs. Dimple remonstrated against this, for she was proud of her pretty daughter's "fine ways" and "learning," but Ellen generally "ruled the mess," and had things her own way.

But we're digressing. Little Daisy sat at the piano with her head drooped upon the white ivory keys, and a few tears, as bright as pearls, glistened upon them, but there was a half-sad, half-mischiefous smile on her red lips. Soon she raised her head, and a look of tenderness and intense longing swept over her fair face as she touched the keys with a soft strain.

"Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee!"

"Heigho! what am I singing?" She checked herself suddenly, and a crimson wave stained her fair cheek till it was scarlet. Then she broke into a low, rippling laugh.

"What a little ninny I am," she said softly. "I'm sure I don't care anything about him! How handsome he did look, though, when he



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

The above is a representation of the monument which it is proposed to erect to the memory of the great Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace. It is to be erected on Abbey Craig; the ascent to which is through a plantation by a steep path, which winds about the hill to its bare summit, two hundred and sixty feet above the plain. A pole sheathed a-top with metal, and scribbled all over with names aspiring to the notoriety of such a record, indicates the site of the projected memorial; likewise a box to receive subscriptions.

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"Now, Daisy, one favor—only one, and I must go. Will you promise to grant it—this last request?"

"Conditionally. If agreeable to me, I'll grant it."

"Ah! Daisy! Well, it's this—give me just one kiss—only as a brother—kiss me once, just as you would kiss a brother at parting."

In the neighborhood of this spot, is one of the oldest monuments in Scotland—two rude upright stones, said to commemorate the victory of Kenneth MacAlpine over the Picts, in the time of Charlemagne.

The proposed monument to Wallace, is to consist of a lofty and imposing Scottish baronial tower, upwards of 300 feet high and 30 feet square, having walls of a thick and massive construction, of not less than 15 feet thick at the base, and tapering to 5 to 6 feet at the top. The masonry is to be of a strong and enduring nature. At the east side of the tower, according to the plan, is the keeper's house, between which and the

monument is an open court-yard entered by a massive circular arched gateway, having bold mouldings characteristic of the Scottish baronial style, above which is placed the heraldic arms of Sir William Wallace. Passing through a gateway into a stone arched passage, a straight flight of steps set in the thickness of the wall leads to an open octagonal winding staircase, the walls of which are of solid ashlar work. This staircase conduces to several spacious and lofty halls, the ceilings and floors of which are fire-proof, being arched with brick, having the floors laid with mosaic tiles. It is proposed to set apart these rooms as visitors' or reliquary rooms, or a museum for the reception of old armor and other antiquarian relics illustrative of Scottish history. The apex of the monument exhibits the form of an imperial crown, of much grace and beauty, at once forming a most appropriate and graceful termination to the whole, and which cannot fail to present a most striking outline when seen against the open sky. The summit of the monument will command magnificent views of a wide expanse of country.

It is curious to think of the veneration in which the memories of Wallace and Bruce are held in Scotland, and then remember that Scotland and England are now united countries, after the long, vindictive and bloody wars in which the Scottish heroes distinguished themselves against the English "tyrants." Truly nature and circumstances are stronger even than human jealousy and hate.

He found her alone in the parlor, looking: still pale and sad, but perfectly calm and self-possessed. She held out her hand to him in her old, friendly way.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harland."

"Are you? It will be the last time," he replied sadly. "I'm going away, Daisy."

"Going away?" there was a little flutter in her voice as she uttered the exclamation.

"Yes: why should I stay near you, hopeless, miserable. I have nothing to hope or care for now. Nothing to do but to seek forfetiveness."

Daisy was silent.

"Daisy," he said again, softly and pleadingly, "let me hear once more of the little songs you used to sing for me at Lotuswood. Will you? Then I will leave you, and trouble you no more."

She crossed the room, much to Harland's surprise, and seated herself at the piano. Crossing the room he stood beside her, watching the little dimpled fingers, white as ivory, moving so gracefully over the keys, and listening to the rich, well cultivated voice as it rose and swelled out mechanically, in a state of wild bewilderment. He could scarcely believe that it was the same voice he now heard, that had once trilled those simple airs for his amusement down at Lotuswood farm. And then the words—could he be dreaming?

"Oh! say not the world has no joy for thee. Alone and all hopeless on life's troubled sea."

If love or compassion can gladness impart,

Then come to thy home, in my heart,

Evermore!"

He caught her in his arms, raised warm kisses upon her cheeks, lips, and forehead, almost sobbing with joy and thankfulness, and she did not struggle or strive to put him from her.

My dear readers, in a very short time from this period, George Harland's wooing had a happy termination, and he now claims little Daisy Dimple for a wife; now Daisy Dimple no more, but Mrs. Ellen Harland.

THE AGE OF FORTY-SIX.—Thomas Hood died at the age of forty-six, at the very moment when he had excited the greatest expectation. There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for a certain class of intellects, nearly as great as that which has rendered the age of thirty-seven dangerous to the higher ranks of artistic genius—to Raphael, to Mozart, to Burns, to Byron. It is the grand climacteric of a soldier's and the statesman's life. At forty-six Pitt gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers. At forty-six Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and ended his career. At forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost to have commenced his civil career. At forty-six Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. In literature, we find Spenser died at forty-six, Addison at forty-seven, Goldsmith at forty-six, Hood at forty-six.

Daisy looked up quickly, hesitated a moment, and then stretched out her hand to him.

"Mr. Harland, you here! I did not expect to see you again so soon!"

He clasped the hand she gave him with a mixture of pleasure and surprise, tinged, Daisy thought, with a little fear. He was pleased to find her there, looking so sweet and pure and lovely, but he dreaded a display of her hoydenish propensities and simple countryism beyond measure. His polite greetings were consequently constrained and embarrassed. Ellen saw that he was on thorns, and enjoyed it keenly. He stayed by her side, however, for there was a charm

about her he could not resist. He had learned to love this simple child with all the strength of his strong, passionate nature, but he never once thought to marry her. That was out of the question. What would his proud sister say to such a match, and how could he, the pauper, introduce a little ignorant country maiden as his wife? That was absurd, and he dismissed the faintest shadow of such a dream.

"I presume you do not dance?" he said, as the crowd began surging toward the music room whence came forth sounds of entrancing music.

"That depends upon whether any person invites me," she replied demurely. "I dance at home."

"Yes, but—country dances—you know?" he stammered rather confusedly. "Ours in the city are different."

"Oh! I dare say."

At this moment a gentleman came up to Miss Dimple requesting the honor of her hand for the first set, and with a slight nod to Harland, she placed her hand upon his arm and walked off. George looked after her, tingling in every limb. He fully expected to see the girl, the laughing stock of the whole assembly, and he loved her too well not to feel agonized at the thought. However, he followed her, drawn by an irresistible desire to see what a figure she would make, and the result was indeed paralyzing. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw her moving through the quadrille or whirling in the bewildering waltz, the admiration of all admirers, and followed everywhere by a host of rapturous applause.

When he again gained a place at her side and requested the honor of her hand, she was "engaged," and remained "engaged" the entire evening.

During the weeks that followed, George Harland was a constant visitor at Mrs. Lemoine's. He was fascinated, bewitched by her beauty, and a few stray glances peeping inadvertently out from Daisy's hoydenish assumption, almost reconciled him to the idea of proposing at once.

At last passion did triumph over pride, and he resolved to marry her in spite of ignorance and hoydenism. He loved her better than all the world, and regardless of everything else, he would make her his wife, and thus secure his own happiness. So he dressed himself carefully, called upon her, proposed, and was refused.

Did ever man receive such a blow? To refuse him, after he had struggled so hard with his pride to reconcile himself to the sacrifice! Oh, it was too much! It half madened him.

He scarcely ever knew how he got over the first week, but at the end of that time he had resolved to leave the scene of such bitter, life-long disappointment, and seek forgetfulness in a distant land. He would see her once more, bid her farewell, and then leave forever.

He found her alone in the parlor, looking: still pale and sad, but perfectly calm and self-possessed. She held out her hand to him in her old, friendly way.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harland."

"Are you? It will be the last time," he replied sadly. "I'm going away, Daisy."

"Going away?" there was a little flutter in her voice as she uttered the exclamation.

"Yes: why should I stay near you, hopeless, miserable. I have nothing to hope or care for now. Nothing to do but to seek forfetiveness."

Daisy was silent.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A NEW ATTRACTION.

PARIS, Nov. 14, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post.— Among the many capital resources for which French prosperity will have to thank the practical talents of the present French government—whatever judgments they may pass on other passages of his life and reign—in the creation of the very beautiful public park of the Bois de Boulogne, on a new estate, and in which he has the sole merit of having converted the ugly waste of scrubby trees and stony herbs, hitherto suited only to ditches, mire, and the propagation of drunken bullies, into one of the most picturesque, extensive, and lovely of European promenade grounds. Since the Bois has risen to the present state of "luxury and fashion," all manner of subsidiary attractions have been added to it. There is a brilliant "Jardin," rejoicing in the odd name of "The Catalanian Bazaar," where "singing coffee-houses," rare flowers, conjurers, concerts, billiards, lotteries, balls, and illuminations, by turns attract the public; and into which strangers visiting the Bois are almost sure to be entrapped by their cubicles, those gentry requiring a slight but welcome gratuity in the shape of drink for every visitor they bring to the establishment. The show of rhododendrons and other flowers, during the season, is so fine as to repay a visit even in the eyes of those who may not especially admire the somewhat fussy character of its other attractions. The buildings in this gay enclosure are of brick, tastefully colored, with profuse ornaments of openwork in wood; very tasteful and pretty, as French ornamentation is apt to be. Lighted up at night, with globes, balls, flowers, and stars of gas, and Chinese lanterns of every whimsical hue and fashion, hanging from the trees, palings, balconies, eaves, wherever they can by any possibility be hung, with the toilettes of the gaily-dressed crowd lighted up by the general glare, walkers hurrying about with refreshments, family parties discussing "sandwiches" and ices, young ladies and gentlemen highly rouged and whitened, and "got up" in the most approved theatrical style, singing away amidst a blaze of gas and gilding in the pretty little kiosks that serve for stage or concert room, with the stars or perhaps the moon looking down from the tree-tops, this garden offers as brilliant and amusing a scene as can well be imagined. Then there is an old mill, dating from heaven knows when, perched upon a hillock formed by cutting away the adjacent ground, and surrounded by a most-like lake, over which you cross by a rustic bridge, and where you buy milk, cakes, coffee, and other simple refreshments; the view from this hillock being one of the finest in the whole park. There are also a number of waterfalls tumbling over rocks that have been brought hither at a very great expense, and arranged with all the theatrical rusticity of a scene on the stage. They are nevertheless very pretty in their way; and every Sunday are clambered up to, behind, round, under, and through, by thousands of admiring visitors. They make a great noise, throw out a good deal of spray, and as you can get beyond the largest of the falls, and even look over their "dizy brink," the Parisian shopkeepers almost fancy, when they have climbed about them, that they have been to a second Niagara. There is the great lake, with scores of pretty boats, with or without awnings, produced by the Emperor and the principal manufacturers; for nothing is admitted here that is not applicable to some useful purpose. Farther on, upon the same side, is another building, containing a vast aquarium, divided into fourteen compartments, which, however, are not yet occupied, but will be filled with useful species of foreign fish. Beyond this, again, is an elevated artificial rock for the gaudies, pierced to form a grotto, from whose crevices two-footed visitors may enjoy the lovely view of the surrounding country, which may, or may not, be appreciated by the light-limbed and bright-eyed creatures.

An oblong building at the opposite end of the stream, the first object that meets the eye, is a kind of semi-circular amphitheatre, with twenty-eight wire enclosures of poultry; and, further on, a vast aviary, containing sixteen wired cages, each provided with a little fountain, and a group of shrubs, which pretty little houses are tenanted by peacocks, pheasants, doves, and other gallinaceous. No visitor should quit this beautiful and most interesting garden until after sunset; as he will then have had the amusement of seeing the keepers coaxing the inmates of the aviary into their respective roosting-places. These charming little feathered people have a will of their own, and they seem to be perfectly aware that they are not to be roughly handled, like the ordinary occupants of barn-yards and chicken-coops; and it is impossible to imagine anything more curious and diverting, in its way than the ducklings, divers, runnings, flights, and angry demonstrations of these spoiled fowls, who make as much fuss about going to roost, as the most wilful of petted children about going to bed.

The last, or building for rearing the various new varieties of silkworms—among others, the kind which feeds on oak-leaves, which it is hoped will prove a valuable addition to the silk-industry of France, completes the circle of attractions offered by this new establishment in progress. Many new departments are to be added to these, in course of time.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

Before quitting the subject of animals, I must find room for the strange story just set agoing by one of the Algerian journals, which vouches for the authenticity of the fact related, and declares, moreover, that similar incidents are narrated by the Arabs, as having occasionally occurred in the "deserts and wastes" of Islam.

and streaks of the turf beneath their feet, and of obscuring the contents of pockets and purses, buried on the grass, in some out-of-the-way nook, add very considerably to the pleasure of a visit to a place of this kind. But even with the statement of pleasure consequent on this prohibition to walk upon the grass, a Sunday visit to the Bois is become one of the main pleasures of the Parisians, as the daily drive thither, through the rest of the week, has come to be a regular part of the day's employment for the working inhabitants of the capital. But perhaps the feature of the Bois which is becoming its main attraction is the new Zoological Garden of Astellung, which promises nobly to supersede the favor formerly enjoyed by the Garden of Plants. The latter is now as far from the centre of Paris, and has been driven, so to say, so far east by the enormous growth of the capital in a westerly direction, that few care to traverse the immense extent of ugly and ill-smelling streets which now separates the grounds of this establishment from the more elegant quarters of modern Paris. It is not likely that the establishment will be abandoned; its hot-houses, and constructions for the palms and birds collected there at so great an expense, its extensive museum, lecture-rooms, libraries, &c., are both too costly and complete to be lightly sacrificed, and will probably ensure its being kept up for many years to come, for the use of students, and the advancement of science. But, the delicious air of its modern rival, its beautiful views, great extent, and numerous attractions, together with the fact of its being reached through the handsomest and most open quarters of Paris, give such an incentive to superior to the Bois, that non-scientific visitors, wishing for a sight of rare birds, animals, and shrubs, will naturally prefer going to the special establishments of the Bois, rather than to those of the Garden of Plants; and thus the new garden in question has already come to be regarded as one of the chief attractions of Paris. Its grounds are close by the Porte des Sablons, and comprise an area of 25 acres, beautifully laid out in walks enclosing the pens or enclosures where the animals are kept, and which are arranged on the same plan as those in the Garden of Plants, with picturesque little pavilions or cotis, containing the stables. Unlike the Garden of Plants, this establishment only harbors such creatures of foreign origin as are fit for domestication; and the visitor would seek in vain for lions, tigers, bears, hyenas, rattlesnakes, boa constrictors, alligators, and other death demanding horrors, warmed, fed, and carefully tended at an enormous expense, while crowds of children are starving in ignorance and misery, but will find these detestable monsters replaced by the hamster, tapir, Chinese pig, zebra, yak, kangaroo, lama, alpacas, vicuna, and numerous valuable new varieties of sheep, goats, stags, antelopes, gazelles, and other useful and beneficial servants of the human race. The grounds are intersected by a streamlet, forming a series of islands, where various aquatic plants are grown; while other foreign specimens of the families of the vegetable kingdom abound in the beds with which the surrounding grassplots are diversified. Ducks, swans, and geese, from Canada, Patagonia, the Sandwich Islands, Egypt, and other parts of the world, swarm in the rivulets, and give an air of animation to the scene.

On entering this charming enclosure, the visitor finds on his left an extensive hot-house, containing the various exotic whose produce is applicable to the arts and manufactures; for nothing is admitted here that is not applicable to some useful purpose. Farther on, upon the same side, is another building, containing a vast aquarium, divided into fourteen compartments, which, however, are not yet occupied, but will be filled with useful species of foreign fish. Beyond this, again, is an elevated artificial rock for the gaudies, pierced to form a grotto, from whose crevices two-footed visitors may enjoy the lovely view of the surrounding country, which may, or may not, be appreciated by the light-limbed and bright-eyed creatures.

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.

Sectarianism is a miserable, short-sighted prejudice. It makes you hate your neighbor because he eats his oysters roasted, while you prefer them in the shell.

People seldom love those who withstand their prejudices, and endeavor to control their passions.

Those who shun society are either very strong or very weak.

He who plays with his fingers for a living, will often find them all thumbs.

During a rehearsal, Brahman said to Tom Cooke, who was the conductor:

"Now, Tom, keep the piano quiet here, because just at this part, to give effect, I intend dropping my voice."

"Do you?" By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts?"—for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up!"

"Why, you rascal," said Radcliffe, the great physician, to a pavior who dunned him, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work?" Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."

"You, dog, you," said Radcliffe, "you are a wit. You must be poor; come in, and you shall be paid."

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits, and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however, said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree, brought in an old 'bung hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

According to the journal in question, an extensive conglomeration of brushwood having lately converted the plains in the neighborhood of Jemmapes into a complete sheet of fire, a large lion, surprised in his lair by the flames, and not knowing in which direction to escape, bounded off towards an Arab deserter, putting to flight all the horses, mules, sheep, &c., which were round it. Seeing a tent open in the middle of the enclosure, the affrighted animal sought refuge inside it, the whole Arab family, to whom the deserter belonged, being assembled within. They were, very naturally, horrorstricken at the sight of the intruder, whose bristling mane and rolling eyes threw them into the greatest consternation. The lion had crouched down at the entrance of the tent, completely barring the only outlet. There being literally no means of escape left to them, there was nothing for these unfortunate creatures to do, but lie down quietly on the ground, keeping as still as possible, in the hope of not attracting the attention of their terrible guest. Huddled together in mortal terror, bathed in perspiration from excess of fright, and scarcely daring to draw a breath, the poor Arabs passed a night of agony such as rarely falls to the lot of mortals; but at day-break, the lion, who, on his side, had remained perfectly still, and taken no notice whatever of his unwilling host, got softly upon his legs, uttered a short, low roar, which he seemed to have made as gentle as could be, by way of action, and passing out by the opening of the tent, quitted the deserter without attempting to molest the animals that tenanted it, and dashed off at a rapid pace for the mountains. An example of delicate behavior, and an indication of gratitude for service received, which might occasionally be imitated with advantage by guests possessing fewer legs than the lion.

QUANTUM.

MATCHES.

The fumes arising from Lucifer matches, says Dr. Hall's new book on Sleep and the ventilation of chambers, are so destructive to the girls employed in the factories, that some of the European governments have taken measures to suppress them. Horrible ulcers form in the flesh, and fasten on the jaw-bone, eating it away by slow degrees. A single box of common matches will scent a room for several days; and children have been poisoned by eating them, as they have a sweetish taste. It is, therefore, a matter of public gratulation that a patent has been obtained for making strata-matches—a Russian term for "lightning." They are without sulphur and without smell; are beautifully varnished, and are warranted to stand both damp and hot climates. A box of sulphur-matches contains eighty, and retail at one cent; a box of strata-matches contains one hundred and fifty at two cents. By the ton-gross, they are wholesaled at one dollar and sixty cents per gross of one hundred and forty-four boxes. They light instantly and easily.

FUNES OF THE FUNGUS.—The fungus is a kindly friend, a fearful foe. We like him as a mushroom. We dread him as the dry-rot. He may be preying on your roses or eating through the corks of your claret. He may get into your corn-field. A fungus has eaten up the vine in Madeira, the potato in Ireland. A fungus may creep through your castle, and leave it dust. A fungus may banquet on your fleets, and bury the payment of its feast in lime. Fungi are most at home upon bones of old trees, logs of wood, naked walls, pestilential wastes, old damp carpets, and other such things as men cast out from their own homes. They dwell also in damp wine-cellar, much to the satisfaction of the wine merchant when they hang about the walls in black powdery tufts, and much to his dissatisfaction when a particular species, whose exact character is unknown, first attacks his wine-bottles, destroying their texture, and at length impregnates the wine with such an unpleasant taste and odor as to render it unsaleable; more still to his dissatisfaction when another equally obscure species, after preying upon the corks, sends down branched threads into the precious liquid, and at length reduces it to a mere *caput mortuum*.

Reactionary movements are at work, and it is said the five Neapolitan provinces of Avellino have finally risen in insurrection.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 23.—A despatch from Naples, dated to-day, says that Francis II. has ruptured a blood vessel. A steamer arrived from Gaeta for medical assistance.

The Queen mother and children had left Gaeta for Rome.

The Empress Eugenie was to return to France on the 10th of December.

It is stated that negotiations for the cession of Venetia have been commenced.

The result of the Presidential contest in the United States is generally commented upon by the English papers with satisfaction.

THE MARKETS.—Broad-stuffs are dull, and declining. Provisions dull. Cotton dull.

REVIEW OF THE LETTER H.—It is said that, according to the letter of the Empress Eugenie, the Empress of Austria has given up the idea of invading Italy, and has decided to withdraw to her winter residence at Baden.

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NEWS ITEMS.

The Ploughing Fathers.—A new religious corporation has been established in Algeria, under the name of "The Ploughing Fathers." These monks have imposed on themselves the tasks of ploughing successively and gratuitously all the uncultivated portions of the soil of that colony, which they will then make over to the State for the use of emigrants.

A FEMALE INVENTOR.—Elizabeth M. Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey, has patented a much desired improvement in reaping and mowing machines, which renders their use a matter of safety, consisting of a device for throwing them in and out of gear by means of the driver's seat. Thus, when the driver takes his seat, his weight throws it into gear, and when he leaves his machine is thrown out of gear.

THE BURNHAM IN LUGU.—The Rutland (Vt.) Courier states that John Burnham, formerly of that country, but now of Wisconsin, is believed to be the heir of a small fortune of twenty-two millions of dollars. The British Government were obliged to hunt him up, as the heir of John Burnham, who died many years ago. The present John becomes heir through a relative who settled at Ipswich, Mass. There is no mistake in this case of fortune hunting, or fortune seeking an heir, as it is said the papers are all made out.

PARIS CROWD.—Such is the crowded state of the Paris thoroughfares that during the past year five thousand persons have been wounded, and seven hundred killed, by the vehicles of all kinds which fill the streets, and render the crossings of the latter almost impossible to pedestrians. The creation of underground railways and of crossing bridges for foot-passengers is proposed, and will probably be decided upon.

BURGESS SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND.—Building societies are now most important institutions in England. It seems that there are now about 2,000 of them in existence, and that their paid-up capital is not less than forty millions dollars.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says that tobacco, when smoked, prevents a clergyman's sore throat. It has been said that few if any instances of this affection can be found to exist in those in the habit of smoking, and we know of one or two instances where it yielded at once to the influence of tobacco. It probably acts by allaying commencing irritation, which, if allowed to increase, would end in inflammation, and perhaps by counteracting any spasmodic condition of the surrounding muscles—a very natural source of trouble in this distressing disease.

The population of New York city, according to the Census, is 614,377.

THE HOOT CHOLERA.—One house in Lafayette, Indiana, has lost 1,400 hogs by the cholera this season, and the disease still prevails all along the Wabash.

MOSA SOLAR, who in 1846 had not money enough to buy a dinner every day, and who now is worth \$600,000, has wisely retired from "change, where he made his rapid fortune. He has bought a fine estate near Bordeaux, and divides his time, henceforth, six months on his estate, three months at Naples, and three months in Paris.

THE Pennsylvania coal trade is unprecedentedly lively; 30,000 tons have been brought on this week more than last.

This centrifugal gun was exhibited in Boston last week. It is claimed by the inventor, Mr. Dickenson, that this gun will throw 500 balls per minute at a long rifle range, without powder or cap, simply by turning a crank like a coffee-mill. The balls are fed into a gun with a shovel, from which the gun feeds itself. It throws its shot singly, but continuously, at a rate equal to the ceaseless fire of 100 men.

PROFESSOR WHITWORTH has been practising on the cruelty of the residents of Yoxville, a rural town of England, by displaying his skill in electro-biology. One young man, whom he had got under his power, was made to believe that a gentleman near him was a young woman; and under the direction of the professor, the former was made to fall violently in love with the latter. He displayed his affection by walking up to its object and kissing him several times. So enraged and insulted was the victim of the electro-biological art, that he caned the professor violently in the presence of his audience; and innumerable summonses, and cross summonses have been the result. What the lawyers will make out of this scientific case remains to be seen.

A YOUNG MAN named Luke Divine, living with Mr. S. E. Todd, at Lake Ridge, Tompkins County, N. Y., husked in one forenoon, and quit at 72 o'clock, M., forty bushels of corn, and bound up all his stalks but five stocks. The corn, while standing, was said to be the best in the region. Whoever beats this job of husking will have to get up pretty early in the morning, as the doer probably did to perform it.—Franklin Visitor.

RATHER PARTICULAR.—A lady of Boston, Mass., writing to a friend, says:—"A ragged little urchin came to my door not long since, asking for old clothes. I brought him a vest and pair of pants, which I thought would be a comfortable fit. Young America took the garments and examined each, then, with a disconsolate look, said, 'there ain't no wash pocket!'"

ONE OF THE "YANKEE TRIBE."—A little incident which occurred to a correspondent of the New York Sun, in North Wales, indicates the amusing ignorance of some of our transatlantic cousins respecting America and Americans. In the cars to Holyhead (he says) I fell into conversation with a plump and comfortable looking Welsh woman, who, on learning that I was an American, inquired, with considerable curiosity, "What tribe do you belong to?" To the tribe of Yankees" was my instant rejoinder. She nodded in a satisfied manner, and said "she had heard of them."

A DESPATCH from New Orleans says the planters are holding back their cotton, with the design of arresting any further downward movement of the staple. The decline already submitted to on the balance of the crop yet to be received (estimating the whole crop at 4,000,000 bales), amounts in round figures to about \$15,000,000.

ABOLITION OF PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Newark Advertiser says it is in contemplation to abolish the passport system in France. The subject is now under examination of the French Government.

The Georgia Methodist Conference, now in session, has appointed a committee to prepare an address condemnatory of the custom in the Navy of requiring the use of the Episcopalian form of service on board of ships of war.

REAL ESTATE IN DUBUQUE.—THE ASCENDING AND DESCENDING SCALE.—The Dubuque Herald publishes the following summary of the assessment rolls of Dubuque for a number of years:

Assessments	\$2,762,636
" 1854	4,355,560
" 1855	8,221,226
" 1856	10,306,000
" 1857	6,060,017
" 1858	4,504,000
" 1859	2,625,902

These figures show a rapid advance in the value of real estate, which culminated in 1857, and still more rapid decline since then, until the assessed value of Dubuque real estate now is less than it was six years ago.

UNSER LABOR.—"Cassius," the able correspondent of the London Weekly Dispatch, has the following pitiful paragraph in one of his letters:

"The unseen labor of London is worth a hundred fold of that which is seen. That unseen labor becomes visible enough in its fruits, though these are rarely traced to their origin. Mental labor feeds London bodily. Take away the earnings by the brain from this metropolis, and the carriers by the hand would soon see how much less they might find to do. Two-thirds of their bread would be wanting to them. The brain-work helps mightily to create the demand as well, as to supply the means. It was calculated that by merely writing his novels, Walter Scott found employment and pay for what would be a town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants; and those directly benefited, the suppliers and the professional dependents on the workers, were not, I believe, included. I take this as the most familiar instance. Take a newspaper like the one whose editor I am addressing; its brain-work is the life of hundreds of industrial families."

MARRIAGES.

15th Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by Mayor Henry, at the La Pierre House, John Headcock, of Del. county, to Elizabeth R. Passmore, of this city, eldest daughter of John L. Passmore, Esq.

At Chestertown, Kent County, Md., on the 20th Nov. by the Rev. G. C. Stokes, William H. Welsh, Esq. of York, Pa. to Sallie A. Wickes, daughter of Col. Joe Wickes.

On the 8th instant, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. Sam'l P. Appleton, Franklin McCrea, to Mrs. H. C. Fulton, daughter of Chas. Blight.

On the 13th, at Belmont, by the Rev. J. H. Kennedy, Mr. John G. Cole, to Miss Hannah Elvyn.

On the 17th of Oct., by the Rev. M. W. Combs, Mr. James Barnes, to Miss Lizzie C. Van Blenc, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, at the residence of Capt. Wm. A. Gray, by the Rev. F. Moore, Mr. Alex. Gray, to Miss Amanda Breslau, daughter of Wm. Breslau, Esq. both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, by the Rev. Wm. H. Luckenbach, Mr. Fred. Reinold, to Miss Amanda Knobell, of this city.

DEATHS.

15th Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Tuesday morning, Nov. 27th, of diphtheria, CANDIE N., daughter of Mary N. and W. N. Hause, M. D. of Odessa, Del., aged 11 years.

On the morning of the 3d instant, ARTHUR J. Montivisio, son of the late Wm. J. Montivisio, and grandson of the late Andrew Manderson, Jr., in his 50th year.

On the morning of the 4th instant, IRMA JOSEPHINE, daughter of the late Jas. Settlinge.

On the 20th ultimo, at the residence of Capt. Wm. A. Gray, by the Rev. F. Moore, Mr. Alex. Gray, to Miss AMANDA BRESLAU, daughter of Wm. Breslau, Esq. both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, by the Rev. Wm. H. Luckenbach, Mr. Fred. Reinold, to Miss Amanda Knobell, of this city.

On the 2d of Dec. HENRY WHIT, in his 97th year.

At Carlisle Barracks, Nov. 30th, WILLIAM M. Wilson, son of the late Jas. Wilson, of Carlisle, Pa. in his 80th year.

On the 2d instant, MR. CHARLES L. CARRE, aged 72 years.

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Wit and Humor.

CONTENTS OF COURT.—Judge McEarg, who was most distinguished for his appreciation of the importance which his judicial position gave him, and the high respect that should be accorded to all his opinions as unswayed from the bench, than for a clear conception of legal principle, or the rules of practice in the court over which he presided, was, one day, during the investigation of a criminal cause, started by the attorney of the Attorney General, who excepted to the ruling of the court upon a point of law that arose during the investigation of the cause. With increased dignity of tone and manner, he asked:

"Mr. Attorney General, is the court to understand you as taking exception to its ruling upon a point of law, sir?"

"Certainly, if your Honor please," said the Attorney General.

"Mr. Clerk," said his Honor, with an air of offended dignity, "fix the Attorney General ten dollars. This court must and shall be respected."

A STRANGE CASE.—At a recent term of the Supreme Court in Bangor, the case of Newcomb vs. Inhabitants of Newburg, for damages for alleged defect in the highway, came up for trial, when the defendants put in the following specifications of defense:

1. No such town as Newburg;
2. No such man as Newcomb;
3. No road;

4. No hole in the road;

5. No horse ever injured;

6. Horse injured did not belong to plaintiff;

7. Plaintiff's finger not hurt;

8. Plaintiff's finger injured two years before;

9. Plaintiff injured his own finger by putting it with a rock two years previous to the alleged cause of action against town, in anticipation of and preparation for the same;

It is quite unnecessary to add that the verdict was for defendants.

HIGHLAND HATMAKING.—Rory More McCorrell was a bit of a wag, and altogether a screw in the charging department. He was landlady of the Argyle Hotel, Inverary, and once upon a time he was bickerin' with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London, to which Rory, with unswayed nonchalance, replied:

"Oh, no doot, sir; nae doot, ava. But do ye ken the reason?"

"No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily.

"Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gay, sensible callant, I'll tell ye. There's three hundred and sixty-five days in the London hotelkeeper's calendar, but we have only three months in our. Do ye understand me now, frien'?" We maun make hay in the Highlands when the sun shines, for it's ne'er seldom dae it."

HOW I WAS MADE AN M.D.—During two weeks last spring, I and another clerk of "our house," were engaged in getting orders for muslin goods in Boston. We put up at one of the best hotels, and succeeded in doing a large amount of business. On the third morning of our stay at the hotel, I was earnestly turning over the leaves of the book in which we had entered our names, and on glancing at my name, found the letters M.D. attached to it. I instantly recognized the handwriting as being that of my fellow-worker, Andy B.—"How's this?" said I, on meeting him; "I didn't know that I was a medical doctor!" "Nobdy said you were," answered he; "but you're a muslin dealer, ain't you?" A light broke over me, and I felt inclined to break something over him; but he made for the door and got away.

HORRIBLE.—We learn that a member of the editorial corps of one of our New Orleans contemporaries recently had a narrow escape with his life, from the indignation excited in the office to which he belongs, by the following atrocious outrage upon—upon—well, a pun—that suffices.

"Why couldn't Bombs reign?"

"Answer—Because he wouldn't do."

"Explanation—if he wouldn't even do, how could he be expected to rain?"

No wonder that the New Orleans press is silent upon the subject of this outrage perpetrated in that city. Our information is such, however, as to lead us to believe that the facts, as above stated, are substantially true. We suppress the name of the offending party (who is of a very respectable family), out of regard for the feelings of his friends.

THE SALESMAN'S BLUNDER.—The Lockport Courier says a lady and gentleman called, a few days since, into a fashionable hat and fur store in that village, to make some purchases. The lady was talkative, and purchased one or two articles. When the twain were about to take their leave, the accomodating saleswoman (the proprietor of the establishment) asked the lady, who had done the talking and paid the bill, if she would not purchase one or more of his tasteful hats for the boys. The lady, assuming the dignity of Queen Elizabeth, said—"I have only been married about twenty minutes. I have no boys yet." The salesman was speechless; he had not another word to say.

DISADVANTAGE OF BLACK WOMEN.—"Well, Dink," said a wouldn't-hale, to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades; do you see any of my bloom fading?" Now, tell me plainly, without any compliment."

"Oh, no, Miss; but you're me kinder friend."

"Thank you, Dink! you're beautiful."

"Oh, no, we're beautiful; but don't don't think as how Miss don't retain her color quite as well as colored lady."

VERY BAD NOT VERY GOOD.—A party of negroes in Ithaca, New York, recently decided to have a ball. It took place about six miles out of the city, and they engaged a splendid six horse team to take them to the spot. The owner of the team, a well known white livery-stable keeper of Ithaca, not wishing to expose his team to the care of anyone else, resolved to drive it himself. After the ball was opened, one of the darky managers politely invited the gentleman to go in as a spectator if he pleased, and he did so. After awhile, the negroes becoming aroused by the dance, the odor of the room became slightly objectionable. As the ball progressed, the aroma became stronger and stronger until he concluded to leave. Just at that moment he saw a number of darkies in conversation, and one of them approached him with much politeness, and informed him that the ladies requested that he should leave the room. The darky stated that he regretted to make the request, but that the ladies insisted, because they said—*As small too much of the stink!*

MR. ATTORNEY GENERAL.—Is the court to understand you as taking exception to its ruling upon a point of law, sir?"

"Certainly, if your Honor please," said the Attorney General.

"Mr. Clerk," said his Honor, with an air of offended dignity, "fix the Attorney General ten dollars. This court must and shall be respected."

A FAST MUSICIAN.—William Mason was some time since giving a concert in Newark; there was in one of the front seats a white-haired, respectable looking old gentleman. Mason had just finished a magnificent duet for two pianos, with one of his pupils, young James Brown. "Well," says the old gent, "that Brown must be a mighty fine player; for they say that Mason is the best in the country, and there they played a long piece—so much as twenty pages—and Brown didn't come out hardly a second behind. If he can keep up that close, he'll beat soon."

ESQ. A military officer, who most cordially detested the huzzards, used as a substitute for flogging, to expose delinquents on parade with a large iron bombshell attached to one of their legs. One day, when several men were undergoing this punishment, a sailor, who by chance had stood near, called out to his companions, "My eyes, skipper! only look here! I'm bleed if here isn't a soger at anchor!"

ESQ. Gentleman: Is Mrs. N. in?

Servant: No, sir; she's not at home.

Gentleman: Well, I am sorry, as I owe her some money and have called to pay it.

Voice from over the balustrades: Oh! I am in. To be sure I am! Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in!

INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.—There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story:—There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, and goods—and expected for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; you will not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful, when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time, she, too, was tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—There is a strange belief abroad that the Duke cared little for the comforts of the soldier in barracks, or his rational and healthy recreations when off duty. This is a great mistake. It was under his Grace's regime that the most important improvement ever made in the soldier's condition as the inhabitant of a barracks was introduced. Till his Grace became commander-in-chief, each bed in a barrack room contained two soldiers; and in many barracks the beds were arranged, like berths on board of ship, in two tiers. The Duke did away with these practices, and gave every soldier his own bed; besides which, from the bed next to it, a certain space was ordered to be kept clear. His Grace was at the head of the army also when half courts were established, and cricket-grounds prepared at large military stations. To every suggestion that was offered for improving the ventilation, as well as for affording facilities to improved cooking, and the means of cleanliness in the men's rooms, he gave prompt and favorable attention. He believed, indeed, that in this, as in other matters, ideas in themselves good might be carried too far; and that there was some danger both of overtaxing the liberality of Parliament and of spoiling the soldier, by first creating for him, and then applying, wants which before enlistment he had never felt. —*Obey.*

DISADVANTAGE OF BLACK WOMEN.—"Well, Dink," said a wouldn't-hale, to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades; do you see any of my bloom fading?" Now, tell me plainly, without any compliment."

"Oh, no, Miss; but you're me kinder friend."

"Thank you, Dink! you're beautiful."

"Oh, no, we're beautiful; but don't think as how Miss don't retain her color quite as well as colored lady."

AMERICAN STAR



SCENE IN ENGLISH RAILWAY CAR.

FIRST YOUNG PASSENGER (to portly Farmer).—"Now, I imagine you consume a precious lot of that—What's-his-Name's Wodenley's Food for Cattle! That is—ha! ha! ha! course—don't misunderstand me—ha! ha! I mean your cows and horses and things ha! ha!" [Agriculturist grunts, and does not appear to see the joke.]

A RESPECTABLE BABY.—Precisely that! We find the expression in the advertising columns of a city paper. A woman gives notice that she is willing to take a respectable baby to nurse. There are babies, then, that are not respectable. Poor little things! not worthy of respect—not to be respected. We have heard of people who were born with gold spoons in their mouths; we have seen babies who, from their first breath, were surrounded with every luxury; and we have seen those, also, who were born without any spoon at all in their mouths, nor any worldly goods to speak of, but it never struck us before that any sort of babies were as disreputable as we see that they must be, from this advertisement.

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.—Precisely that! As to the quantity of grain it will pay to feed sheep, we think more than half to three-quarters of a pound per head per day is rarely fed to advantage, unless they are very large sheep. The English farmers usually allow a pound of oil-cake per head, per day, to sheep weighing 100 to 140 lbs. This is high feeding. We believe it is better to give only a little at first, and increase the quantity after a while, especially in very cold weather. It makes no difference whether the sheep is fat or thin, as long as it is not too fat. This is an argument in favor of high feeding; but it must not run to extremes. It is easy to feed so high, that every pound of fat will cost us double what we get for it. We seldom err, however, in this direction.

FATTENING SHEEP.—It is more common to feed too little grain than too much. It would be well for most farmers to make a rule never to sell corn or oats on the farm. This has been John Johnson's rule, and it is one secret of his success. —*Genesee Farmer.*

COTTON SEED AS FOOD FOR COWS.

We find the following article upon this subject in the *Southern Rural Gentleman*:

Assume fourteen hundred pounds, field weight, as making a bale averaging four hundred pounds; this gives about one thousand pounds for seed, which, when decorticated (hulled), will leave about five hundred pounds of the kernel; thus a hundred bale crop gives fifty thousand pounds of the clean kernel. Corn is nearly, if not quite, as fattening as pease or oil-cake, but the manure is by no means as valuable. The manure from a ton of Indian corn is worth, according to the highest English authority, \$6.65, while from a ton of pease it is worth \$13.38, and from a ton of oil-cake \$19.72. Barley and oats are about equal to corn in this respect. The crop of oats this year is unusually heavy, and they will doubtless be cheap. We need not say that they are excellent for sheep.

Sheep will bear pretty close confinement. We have seen them fattened in England in pens where there was little more room than was necessary for them to lie down comfortably. They were placed on narrow boards, say two or three inches wide, with an inch between each board for the droppings to pass through. The pens were thatched to keep off the rain, and were closed up on three sides. We have never seen healthier sheep. They were quiet, warm, clean, and comfortable, and fattened rapidly. Sheep must have dry quarters. Nothing is so injurious as wet. It is an old remark, that "sheep do better on roast meat than boiled;" and it is equally true that they will do better in even cold quarters, if dry, than warm ones if wet. Cows will improve in flesh. He adds, to use his own language: "It is one of the most valuable articles, for the feeding of stock, especially milk cows, with which I am acquainted." A writer in the *Missouri Democrat* says:—

"Compared with corn, experienced feeders, both in the old country and this, agree that one pound of oil cake is equal to three pounds of corn in nutritive qualities." Dr. S. Mosher, one of the founders of the Cincinnati Agricultural Society, writes in the *Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, from the Latona Springs, Kentucky, Sept. 15th, 1860, that his pastures had dried up, cows failing in milk, and he concluded to test the meal from cotton seed cake, ground, and after trying five weeks with cows on same pasture, he found quantity had held out, having increased from the day of feeding, with richest and most delicious cream, and the cattle had improved in flesh. He adds, to use his own language: "It is one of the most valuable articles, for the feeding of stock, especially milk cows, with which I am acquainted."

CHARADE.—*My first is sought by maidens fair, By smokers too, as oft; 'Tis rare to see without my last, A house, or barn, or loft;*

My whole, a weapon once in use, Is justly now in great abuse. —*J. D.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 2, 17, 6, 1, is one of the United States Territories.

My 2, 16, 10, 11, is a city in Indiana.

My 2, 16, 21, 18, is a city in France.

My 17, 18, 15, 20, is a city in York State.

My 17, 18, 21, 19, 6, 4, is one of the United States.

My 2, 16, 6, 24, 4, is a county in York State.

My 2, 16, 21, 18, is a county in South America.

My 4, 24, 20, 12, 17, is a country in Asia.

My 8, 4, 7, 14, 20, is a county in Virginia.

My 18, 6, 16, 8, 16, 8, is a city in Connecticut.

My 10, 17, 20, 6, is a volcano in Sicily.

My 6, 16, 6, 17, is a mountain in Turkey, in Asia.

My 23, 6, 11, 9, 13, is a city in Europe.

My 18, 4, 16, 6, 17, is a city in Afghanistan.

My 2, 15, 17, 16, 16, is a county in Indiana.

My whole is the name of a book.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Montreal.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 20, 25, 15, 11, 10, is a county in California.

My 3, 5, 16, 21, 25, 15, 23, 21, is a mountain in Asia.

My 2, 7, 27, 15, 4, 8, 18, is a State in South America.

My 6, 20, 2, 13, 25, 4, 19, 24, is a lake in the United States.

My 9, 17, 18, 4, is a cape of Africa.

My 13, 21, 21, 21, 13, is a sea in the Eastern continent.

My 14, 26, 8, 18, 19, 4, 15, is one of the United States.</